

TOC H JOURNAL

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SUPPLEMENT

'*The Family Tree*'—a new Magazine.

VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 5



JOBS AND LIFE

Here is a 'straight talk' recently given by OSWALD BELL to the Derbyshire District Committee. We hope that it will rouse a wider audience, first perhaps to a desire to protest, then to careful thought and from that to better work.

OUR "jobs" and our life and their relation is my subject — no easy task either to establish or explain. To begin with, it assumes all sorts of judgments as to life; it presupposes a philosophy of life. Perhaps we can say that, as we are all members or probationers of Toc H, we are pledged to a view and a way of life. But we have all found out how hard it is to know what we do believe; how hard it is to follow our chosen way of life. And again and again we must grapple with the insidious and paralysing fear that not only our jobs, but our whole philosophy, upon which we found our actions, is misguided, mistaken, false. For we are engaged in an unequal struggle; our minds, slowly built up by the struggles of our ancestors, endeavouring to cope with an environment that was too difficult for them also, have to grapple with a problem that we cannot even comprehend, much less solve. When this mortal shall have put on immortality, then perhaps we shall begin to understand—but it will be too late. For it is here and now, among the mazes of human life and the labyrinth of human perplexity, that we need so desperately the clue to guide us out. Our fathers thought they had a guide; the church or the Bible led them safely from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. But what have we? The sensationalism of the Press, the day-dream of the cinema, the sentimentalities of Toc H. All easy ways of escape from the struggle of life and thought, and therefore taken by most of us.

Thought and self-criticism are bleak and uncomfortable processes; but they are

essential for life. They do not necessarily give pleasure—and in a pleasure-loving age they are neglected. But without them even pleasure palls. The greatest of hedonists have been very sparing of those experiences which in our time pass for pleasure. For it is chiefly the baser pleasures that we enjoy, those which are crude and call for no effort, either in their attainment or experience. Hence happiness passes us by. Often the very idea of happiness is too much for us and we drift (pursue is a word with too definite and purposive a connotation to describe the process) vaguely after a vague dream of a vague and sensual pleasure. But drifting is useless. We must face reality, and its questions. And what a number the very mention of "jobs" calls up!

Ought we to do jobs? Are we doing the right jobs? What is the object of our job-doing? Are we doing them in the right way. Are we doing too many jobs? Are we doing enough jobs? Are we doing them at the expense of more important things—our daily work, for example, our homes or our own spiritual development? Are we using our jobs as cloaks for the gratification of unworthy desires? Are we making something good in itself the enemy of something which would be better?

'Child-like'—not 'Childish'

Question after question comes upon us—all demanding a faithful answer, if our service is to be sincere and adult service. The child-like mind is all very well, so long as we remember that it is the child-like mind. We cannot be children for ever; "when I became a man I put

away childish things"—or should have done; it is significant of the age that one of the commonest perversions that psychologists meet is that of "infantile regression," or relapsing into childishness. The world is full of Peter Pans, who want to stay as little boys, and just have fun. I am very conscious that there are men who defend that attitude; who attack thought; who point to the saintly lives of simple men. I agree. But Simplicity does not mean Childishness; still less does it mean a refusal to think. On the contrary the simple great are those who have thought hard; who have tested all things and held fast to that which they have proved to be best; who have put what they have proved into action with simplicity and sincerity. For you do not need to be a student of books if you have other things to take their place; lonely meditation has more than taken the place of books for many. But do not lay the flattering unction to your soul that you are one of these great spirits—for you are not. Few of us spend long hours in meditation; a good many of us haven't the determination to keep our minds on one subject for any length of time, let alone the ability to meditate. Why, some of us say that even the sweetened pap ladled out in babies' doses in the JOURNAL is too high-brow for us. We may not have sufficient resources to do without books; we need as many as we can get. We need books not merely to teach us to do the simple practical things that we should describe as our Toc H jobs; but also to make us—and believe me, every time I include myself—the sort of men who can do "jobs" in any real sense of the word. For, as we began by saying, any real discussion of jobs brings us back to fundamental things, to our ultimate beliefs.

Either you believe that the ultimate reality—the only thing that matters—in

fact, the only thing that really *is*, is spirit; or else Toc H and all that we are saying is nonsense. But supposing you agree that it is worth selling all that you have to possess the pearl of great price; that St. Francis was right to strip himself naked that he might be more like Christ; that, in fact, Christ was not mad, but that there was something in what He said; and then ask yourself, "What is a real Toc H Job?" Or, to be truthful—which we hate to be in Toc H—"is this the sort of Job we can imagine Christ doing?" That, it seems to me, is the first and fundamental thing to be said about jobs. They must be the expression of the Christ in us; they must be judged in terms of Christ alone; and they should be abandoned at once except in so far as they minister to His end.

The Gift and the Giver

If we all agree with this, there are various implications with which I think you will also agree. One seems to be that it is personal service that is important—that is almost a truism in Toc H—but we sometimes overlook the fact that if the best service is personal service, then the person and the sort of person he is, is very important. In other words, one of the most important items in our service is—ourselves. Whittier once wrote:—

Not what we give, but what we share—

For the gift without the giver is bare.

A difficult and rather shaming thought. Or, as Canon Peter Green suggests in one of his books—it's not much use rushing off to feed the starving unless we have some food to give them. Do you see whither I am going? I am trying to suggest that perhaps our first and last and most important Toc H job is to make ourselves like Christ—like those persons who carry about with them the joy and power of His spirit. And what places of

refreshment and strength Toc H meetings would be if we were men like that! They would indeed be power houses for their neighbourhoods, giving courage and reinforcement to all in need. Just imagine it; how splendid it would be; if only we had the real religion we claim to have. And when men say we have too much religion in Toc H it reminds me of the song, "Isn't it grand to be bloomin' well dead?"

Some of us *are* dead—and we like it! We're just like the Pharisees—decent respectable people, thinking ourselves a little better than our neighbours, "letting our Light so shine before men that they may see our good works" (I'm always terrified to say that), rather looking down on the Churches, who at any rate haven't cheapened their gospel to attract the silly and sloppy with a religion that is only half true; paying strict attention to our personal desires and our worldly business, and carrying on a discreet flirtation with a sentimental Toc H through the medium of easy jobs that flatter our sense of power and our feeling of rectitude.

All we have

But all that need not be; the Christ-like life depends not on intellect, but on sincerity. "I have no wealth," said Juniper the Fool to St. Francis. "Thou hast great wealth," said Francis, "for thou hast charity. All that thou hast thou givest." We need not be ashamed of our gift—if it is all we have; we need not be ashamed of our service, if it contains all we know of love and sympathy; we may be less fearful even of our "good deeds," if they are done in imitation of Christ, for against His life and love there can be no question of complacency or satisfaction. And as we give, so we shall change; for from actions spring habits; and from habits, character; so that in

time, even unworthy as we are, we may carry about with us something of the love, the happiness and the power of saints.

'Imagination' in service

But I think there is another implication with which you will agree. Our service must be imaginative. Service done mechanically, through a sense of duty, by people who are unable—or unwilling—to get under the skin of those whom they are helping, is dead service, and only of half the value it might have been. Suppose you take your boys' club. Your work will be of very little value if you look upon your boys merely in the mass; you must look upon them each as individuals; you must, by an effort of sympathetic imagination, put yourself into their places, see things as they see them, feel their interests, and vary their treatment according to their needs and characters. The poet, Francis Thompson, once observed—

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel load.

In other words, each individual must be treated as an end in himself, and must be the object of patient, loving and imaginative individual study.

So, too, with anything else that comes to us as a job. The Prince's appeal for housing, for example. If we see those words on a newspaper heading, how often do we put them on one side as uninteresting and boring; but if we call up in our mind's eye only one example of an ill-lit dingy room, damp and smelly, with the paper hanging off, with an unhealthy family of four or five trying to exist as human beings, without privacy or decency, crammed on the top of each other; yet with just the same tides of passion sweeping through their minds as we have through ours; men and women of just

the same value in the eyes of the God we believe in; of just the same potentialities as we have; in some cases greater, in others less, but where the powers are lowest it may be that the need for help is greatest. It is to the physical invalid, not to the healthy that we provide shelters from the rough winds of heaven; should we not also provide shelter for the moral invalids? I question very much whether we can hide behind the complacent statement that it was their own fault that these poor people found themselves in their tragic situation—even if it is in fact true that their own weakness, whether moral or intellectual, helped to form the hopeless coil in which they are inmeshed. Who, indeed, are we that we should judge? Remember how Burns put it—

Then gently judge your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman.
Though they may gang, a' kennin, wrang,
To step aside is human.
Then at the balance let's be mute—
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

He who has never been self-indulgent, he who has never been lazy, never selfish, never weak, let him cast the first stone—if he wants to do so. But for the sake of any value there may be in Toc H let us not become stupid and sensible and practical and dead. Let

us develop and educate our faculty of imagination, the most God-like of all our faculties. Tender sympathy, passionate enthusiasm—these should be the key-notes of God's storm troops (for that is what Toc H is or ought to be), not the successor to the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Societies of the Victorian age. It should be to the Franciscans of the Middle ages, not to the cautious exhibitionism of Victoria's reign that we should trace the spiritual descent of Toc H; to the men who wedded our Lady of Poverty, that nothing might keep them from the Master, that we should look, and not to the men who reduced spiritual well-being to terms of comfort and worldly prosperity. Who indeed are our Elder Brethren? As we contemplate our miserable efforts, we may well ask ourselves that question; we will know ourselves by our heroes. Treasure on earth or treasure on heaven—which do we respect?

There is much more that we can say of service—for example, that it must be intelligent, determined, steadfast, courageous, self-forgetting, humble, passionate; but perhaps all are summed up in the two we have discussed. Our service must be informed with sympathetic, loving, tender imagination. It must be like Christ's. Is it?

OSWALD BELL.

A PAGEANT OF TOWER HILL

TUBBY'S dream of Tower Hill restored to beauty and usefulness as a park for overcrowded Londoners makes steady progress in the hands of 'Tower Hill Improvement' and its enthusiastic president, Lord Wakefield. 'The Children's Beach,' which was opened last year on the foreshore below the Tower, welcomed 70,000 children in three months and expects 200,000 guests this year. Myers Warehouse, the huge block of grimy bricks which is the greatest blot on the Tower Hill landscape, has just been

bought for demolition. And now a Pageant of Tower Hill is in active rehearsal to raise further funds. This will run from May 25 to June 8. The dress rehearsal on May 21 will be witnessed by 5,000 of London's poor children and many Chelsea pensioners. There are to be 2,000 performers and the stands now being built will hold 10,000 spectators. Employment is being given, directly or indirectly, to 2,000 people. Considering the unrivalled place of Tower Hill in English history, this should be a noble spectacle.

PLAIN WORDS ON FINANCE

From time to time these pages have contained articles from Tubby, the Hon. Administrator or the Registrar on the financial position of Toc H and the responsibility of members for it. The present article is not officially 'inspired,' but presents the views of a "PLAIN MEMBER" as he gave them recently in a talk to his own Group, of which he is Treasurer.

LAST Wednesday I attended a meeting of Treasurers in our Area, and the Chairman of the Central Executive of Toc H (Sutherland Graeme) came to help us. There was a fine attendance, some 15 to 20 "purse-snatchers" being present—all of them so keen that I felt rather ashamed of our apathy in matters financial. We had before us facts and figures of the Toc H Exchequer—including an estimated budget of the present financial year, prepared by that juggler of figures, Musters. Here, then, are some round figures—as far as I can remember them—for us to think furiously about.

The Receipts Side of the Account

There are approximately 33,000 members of Toc H in this country. Their contributions to Headquarters (in capita-tion fees, quotas, and other forms) amount to some £8,500 in all—an average of rather less than 1¼d. per member per week. Interest on Investments brings in about another £3,000; and Toc H Builders' subscriptions amount to some £2,500. So that the certain income of Toc H is about £14,000 a year. True, there are usually donations to the extent of about another £2,500, but this is not certain income as they fluctuate and may, at any time, cease altogether.

The largest item on the *receipts* side of the budget is one which cuts deeply right across the spirit of Toc H. Every year, practically, some £10,000 to £11,000 has to be raised—partly by some big Society "show"—a Ball, or a Film, or a Play. The rest of this huge sum comes in mainly as the result of Tubby's cease-less and almost single-handed begging.

We therefore have to face the disgraceful fact that Toc H is absolutely dependent, for *well over half* its annual expenses, upon Charity—just as much as the unfortunate fellow who stops you in the street, and begs for the price of a cup of tea, is dependent upon your charity! For, after all, whist-drives and dances are only a polite and more pleasing way of touting for money. Think of it! How can Toc H, dependent upon the charity of the wealthy outside its membership, ever hope to be the power for good in the world that it ought to be?

The Expenditure Side

Now, for the *expenditure* side of the account. Toc H spends on its work, both at home and overseas, rather more than £25,000 a year—and needs double that income. Nobody who has the least experience of business, administrative work, or propaganda will deny its necessity.

Here is the brightest spot in the whole dark sky:—Out of a total of some 70 whole-time Staff of Toc H, not more than two are receiving £600 a year—the maximum salary paid by Toc H. And not a few are giving—as many more would do if they could afford it—their whole time to Toc H for nothing. In point of fact our Staff is not being paid at anything like its commercial value to-day. This has been proved, time and again, by the tempting offers made to members of our whole-time Staff to go into commercial life at salaries much higher than anything we can give them. They, one and all, refuse—just because to them Toc H is worth while. That is what is meant by Sacrifice for Service.

A Birthday Present

Next year (1936) Toc H "comes of age." What more wonderful twenty-first birthday present could we give to Toc H than the realisation of Tubby's dream of a self-supporting power for God among men? It sounds impossible—but is it?

If we are willing and keen to see Toc H self-supporting, it *can* be done. Do we realise that if the quota to Headquarters from every unit in this country were increased by 2d. per member per week, the thing *is* done? For that would increase the receipts side of the Budget by over £14,000 a year. That is all there is to it. The difficulty lies in the temptation to think that we *cannot*, when the truth is we *will not* make the necessary sacrifice to do this first Service to our own family of Toc H. And it is just because we fail to see God in Toc H.

Toc H as 'God's Show'

Before we consider how we can realise this Birthday Present idea, let us be sure what we mean Toc H to be. We constantly speak of Toc H as "God's show" and as a "world-wide brotherhood." It cannot, in fact, be one without being the other, and it cannot truly be either so long as we are dependent upon charity. If we belong to a world-wide brotherhood—one big 'family'—is it not our duty, as well as our privilege, to do our utmost to help our own scattered family?

There is a difference between Toc H and a Club. In a Club, members pay a fixed subscription—weekly, monthly or annually—to pay for what the Club needs, and nothing more. A fellow belongs to a Club mainly for his own recreation and amusement, and if he can't pay his subscription, out he goes. Toc H is different. It is one family, scattered throughout the world in small "households"; each member of the family gives what he is

able towards the general expenses of his brethren all over the world, and, in addition, he takes his share of his own household expenses, *i.e.*, rent of room, upkeep and general expenses, etc. There are, of course, some who are unable to bear their full share—and God forbid that any man, who wants to serve Toc H, should be kept out because he cannot afford it. Is it not always the joyful privilege of the stronger to help the weaker brethren?

Only in this way can Toc H begin to be "God's show," and it means that every member has got to make some sacrifice—often a very real sacrifice—in order to be one of the family. We hear a lot about "jobs" in Toc H, and we talk a lot about them, and yet we funk the first and biggest "job" of all—keeping "the home fires burning," as it were—because it means going without something for ourselves. It is just this going without something we like that is Sacrifice, and without Sacrifice there can be no Service. Sacrifice can only come from Love, and Love can only come from God. That is *how* Toc H is "God's show."

How to do it

Now I want to show you how we can do it. If we divide up the £25,000 annually required by our family as a whole, among 33,000 members, we find it comes to 15s. 2d. per member per year (including the capitation fee of 2s. per head). This means an average of 3½d. per member per week—not much for the privilege of serving Toc H. In addition, we have to meet what I call our household expenses, and, in my own unit, £30 a year should easily cover this, including our modest refreshments. Among 23 members this means an average of 2¾d. per member per week. Altogether, then, we have to maintain a weekly offering to Toc H averaging 7d. per member, to

enable us to pay our own way and to send our full quota to the family budget at Headquarters.

Self-Assessment.

What have we got to do about it? We have got to assess ourselves, gladly, on the basis of *sacrificing something*—it may be one or two packets of cigarettes a week; it may be one or two less visits to the “flicks”; or it may be a few less “dates” (for “dates” always mean money, but if the girl is any good she’ll help you to do it). Whatever it is, it must cost *us* something personally before it can be Sacrifice. Very well, then. The question of the amount of the assessment is a purely personal one for each of us to decide for himself, but in case it may help you, I put forward the basis of assessment upon which I am, for the future, assessing myself:—

<i>Income.</i>		<i>Assessment.</i>
Less than 30s.	a week . . .	Nil.
„ 40s.	„ . . .	3d.
„ 60s.	„ . . .	6d.
„ 80s.	„ . . .	1s. 0d.
„ 100s.	„ . . .	1s. 6d.
„ £10	„ . . .	2s. 0d.
„ £20	„ . . .	5s. 0d.
Over £20	„ . . .	10s. 0d.

An Example

How near to this do we get at present? I will take my own unit as an example. Not counting to-night, the present financial year, which began on November 1 last, is 20 weeks old, and therefore on a 7d. average I should have received up to date £13 8s. 4d. In fact, I have received £5 13s. 0d., an average of a fraction under 3d. per member per week—just about what the ordinary schoolboy pays to his weekly Boys’ Club. To-day is Quarter Day and we have to pay the rent (£5), which brings our debt up to £33 7s. 9d. There seems to be some-

thing wrong, doesn’t there? The depressing burden of debt on our own household accounts may partly account for this—but that is not the real cause of the trouble. The real cause of the trouble is our utter failure to realise that real Sacrifice is demanded of each one of us. I have failed as much as any of you, but I propose to wash out the past, and with this new vision of Service in Toc H, which I have tried to give you, we start to-night owing no man anything—not even the rent due to-day. It is only after much prayer and thought that I have come to the conclusion that it is right for me to do this—for it is costing me something, but if it will be any help to you in realising that the essence of Service is Sacrifice, I shall be more than repaid.

The ‘Family’ Purse

One more new idea to-night. We have tried many different suggestions for paying our offerings, and to-night we are starting what I believe will prove to be the most satisfactory yet. Here is the “family purse,” divided into small pockets, so that each member has his own into which he puts *what* he can *when* he can—being sure that it is not less than the amount at which he has assessed himself. Anything over that amount represents additional Sacrifice and will help some other less fortunate brother. There is one pocket marked “Gifts,” into which Probationers or Visitors may put what they would like to give. It will be rather nice, too, just sometimes, perhaps, to put a little into the pocket of one of our own household who we may know is temporarily unable to do it himself—without a soul knowing who has put it in.

What is Toc H worth?

And that is the whole thing. It only remains for each one of us to pray and think it over, in order to decide what

sacrifice Toc H is worth to us, and having decided, to see that we maintain it. I have finished, and if you feel as I do about it we shall, before we separate to-night just re-dedicate ourselves to the Service of Toc H, promising ourselves three things: (i) that, after the next whist drive, no further dances or whist drives will be held for the funds of our Group; (ii) that we will not only pay our own way, but give at least our full quota to the family

budget of Toc H; and (iii) we will pray that every member of the family throughout the world may realise his own personal opportunity of Service for Toc H—so that it may become “God’s show.”

Tennyson never spoke a truer word than when he said—

“ . . . More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. . . ”

PLAIN MEMBER.

Lady Day, March 25.

THE MAN OR THE FAMILY

THIS is not the work of a fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread, a proverb singularly inapt, because angels do not tread—they fly; and fools never rush—they are usually very slow, especially in the up-take (at least, Jesus Christ said they were). It is the work of an ordinary man who has known the look of a strange city through eyes worried by worklessness, and who has known the limitation of his last half dollar. Moreover, a man, who has at least apprehended the futility of attempting with his passions, tasks that the good God evidently meant for his brains.

The writer hopes and thinks that the reader will find nothing that will take away from him the necessity of thinking. He is not vain enough to suggest that he has provided food for thought; all that he hopes to do is to reveal the necessity of thinking, and by thinking, he means not simply echoing the thoughts of others, but of doing our *own* thinking. We may be content to let others sing to us, and footballers to play before us, but heaven help us if thinking is to be sent out like washing to the laundry.

Unemployment is not modern. The phenomenon we call unemployment is not unemployment such as is found in the history of mankind; it is a differing and a different thing. Economic historians

tell us that, in terms of supply and demand, work and workers have never been in a state of equation. Usually in history there have been more workers than work. The Egyptian pyramids are an example of relief work schemes. Their erection kept slaves at work, and while they were at work they were not creating disturbances and fomenting revolutions. This thing we so glibly call Unemployment is not the condition of men waiting for someone to hire them in their vineyard at a penny per day, or a penny per hour. It is rather the condition of men that no one is going immediately to hire.

“Displacement”

Time was when the main labour-productive force was human. This has been displaced, not so much by machinery as by the new driving forces of steam, electricity, and so on. Man-power is displaced and thus men are “*displaced*” rather than unemployed. Please do not think that this is merely playing with words, for if we can get into our heads that there is a difference between a man waiting and a man displaced, we will have at least glimpsed some of the significant difference between Victorian “unemployment” and Georgian “displacement.” This displacement of the human element in the productive process is more

than a temporary and local affair; it lies much deeper than some surface-thinkers would have us believe. It is a bitter reality found more or less in all countries, in Monarchies, Republics, Dictatorships and Democracies. In countries with free trade, countries with tariff barriers, countries peaceably disposed, countries belligerent, countries large or small, maritime or without seaboard—you find it everywhere, and in an increasing quantity, and those countries who are least bothered to-day will, by their very methods of development, within twenty years, have it in a very much aggravated form and degree; no man need be a prophet of outstanding ability to see and to say that.

That 2,000,000

A man need not, therefore, be blamed if he refrains from holding out hopes that are not in the least likely to be fulfilled by the current suggestions for dealing with this startling and well-nigh devilish thing. Facts are things that "winna ding," and the fact remains that on these islands the figure of "disployment" stands hard and fast around two millions of persons. There is no need to be unduly cockahoop when a variation of a hundred thousand one way or the other takes place. It should take more than a newspaper placard to satisfy a fair-thinking man. The seasons have always caused these slight variations, and despite the swings and roundabouts of this trade and the other, there still remains that hard core of two millions, all too easily accepted as the normal figure. I repeat, a bit up and down is neither here nor there. If a man aims at keeping the temperature of his greenhouse at a hundred degrees he does not get unduly excited if sometimes it is ninety-nine, and sometimes a hundred and one.

For fifteen years or more I have constantly been driven to marvel at the patience of this vast number of displaced and seemingly unwanted people, and there have been times in my calmer moments when I have thought that their patience and quiescence is doing them more harm than good. Nowadays, I am forced to the conclusion that the time is fast approaching (in some towns it is even here) that these people will not be any more content to have a temporary corner in the transient affections of the charitably disposed. They will reverse the old proverb of justice and mercy and will be presently telling the world that mercy must be displaced by justice.

Another Man's Trousers

I would not myself be very long satisfied, and never really happy, dressed in another man's trousers of yesteryear. I cannot do another man's thinking, and I do not think I could wear his trousers. To see my wife arrayed in some other woman's unfashionables would not be conducive either to domestic peace or to personal happiness. After all is said and done, it is the suit we do not want and the garment that is discarded that reaches those others of God's children, who have just as much personal pride, just as much human dignity, just as much divinity, as those of us who mete to them these things. It is not justice to ask them to exchange their human rights for occasional sojourns in the passing emotions of the benevolent.

The condition of Unemployment (for purposes of clarity I waive the term "disployment") does not lend itself to a hard and fast definition, and, as John Bellers said in the year 1714, it is certain that "employment and competencies do civilize all men." It is also true as John Locke in 1697 declared in a Report on the Poor Laws of this Realm: "That everyone

must have meat, drink, clothing, and firing out of the stock of the Kingdom whether they worked or not." It is well to bear in mind the words of Stanley Baldwin when Prime Minister: "These people cannot be allowed to starve; they must be cared for whether or not we enter into a boom period."

It has therefore long been recognised that, failing employment, there is a right to maintenance, and we would do well also to bear in mind that National Insurance was never intended to be more than a first line of defence for workpeople who were subject to a certain type of unemployment. The nation therefore must concern itself with the provision of employment and "particularly with distress arising therefrom." These latter words were used by and in the Majority Report on Unemployment Insurance in 1932.

No Penny, No Pie

May I now be permitted to mention one or two things in connection with the Relief of Distress arising from the matter we are discussing? Relief that contains no element of prevention or of cure cannot be adequate. It is impossible completely to sever prevention, remedy, and relief. Unemployment is not only a disaster that falls on individuals, but is a malady of the social system. These considerations add to the difficulty, but do not lessen the necessity of discovering methods of helping human beings who are actually out of work. Most people hitherto regard it as axiomatic that purchasing power can only be derived from participation in the world's work. As Simple Simon was told by the pleman, "no penny, no pic"—in modern parlance, "no pay-day, no grub." Despite this widely-held view it is remarkable how during the last few decades increas-

ing quantities of the country's purchasing power has been distributed on a basis quite other than that of service (either real or imaginary) rendered. A considerable body of law exists for this purpose, and it is remarkable even to a layman how much the foundation of these laws vary, and how they fail to comply with what Aristotle called the main principle of law making. Remember his statement in his *Politics*: "*All law should be in agreement to one basic principle.*"

The Means Test

For the past dozen years it has been becoming plainer every day that some special arrangement, over and above Employment Insurance and the usual Poor Law Assistance, would have to be made to cope with the permanent distress of unemployed people, and it came as no surprise that a special machine for this purpose under the name of the *Unemployed Assistance Board* was brought into being. Up to the time of writing it has had more than an ordinarily chequered infancy, in which one phrase, "the Means Test," has come into extraordinary prominence. I believe that the bitterness and the misunderstanding, and the occasional window-smashing over it has its real cause ultimately not so much in the *idea* of a test, as in the *basis* of the test. Comparison of such Acts as the Widow's Pension and the Old Age Pension, together with the Industrial practice of paying flat rates to married or single men, is, to say the least, illuminating, and gives rise to the all-important and, to me, decisive question that must be settled before any harmonising of the basis of these non-work payments can be attained, namely, *is the social unit the individual or the family?* Some of these Acts seem to say the individual: the Unemployment Act with its Means Test says the family.

If you look over the thought and practice of this nation in all its ramifications, you will observe how utterly we have failed to answer this simple question. Where thought is confused action must be confounded. We accept, I believe, the statement that Parliament cannot create a new moral value; it can only legislate upon the existent and the accepted. Parliament is a reflex of the national mind, or in a newspaper phrase, you cannot legislate beyond public opinion. Now, if there is no clear national mind, no set public opinion, it is unfair to blame Parliament for failing to do the impossible. You cannot legislate in vacuity. My question, therefore, on this Means Test business is: Has the nation through its various organisations ever been clear as to its ultimate social unit, *i.e.*, the family or the individual? The man or organisation that forms the mind of a nation is actually the governor of that nation, and upon him, or it, rests the main responsibility for failure or success. Mazzini said: "*He who spiritualises democracy saves the world.*"

What says the Church?

On a last analysis this question can only be answered in terms of moral valuation, and to twentieth century people, morality and religion are much the same thing. It is to our religious and moral leaders we are entitled to look for an answer to this important basic question. I would that I could say that a life-time of reading, and listening, and a readiness always to learn, had shown me that the Christian Church itself sounded a clear note as to the ultimate unit of society and thereby answered this question. Here and there we find statements utterly opposed one to the other; sometimes the doctrine of individualistic salvation makes a fellow think that the individual is the basis, while at other times the insistence upon the

"sanctity of the family," the "integrity of the household," and the "priesthood of the parent" leads to an opposite conclusion. Theoretically, and in the world of thought, one can synthesize the two views, but you cannot legislate upon a synthesis with any hope of meeting a complex situation. I hold, therefore, not that the Churches have failed, but that legislation on this and kindred matters can succeed only by virtue of the Churches' answer to this question, and the measure of success obtained in creating a public mind based upon their definite answer. Then, and then only, can Parliament reflect the mind of a nation. The old question to Israel about its mind being set on righteousness is still to the point.

And Toc H

Toc H claims to be a fair-thinking show. Here, I suggest, is a necessary something upon which we can think fairly, and furiously. We will also need to think fast, for speed is essential in the immediate necessity of our social difficulties. We have no right to assume that we have unlimited time at our disposal. Our contribution can be to find out *our* mind on this matter, and to spread that mind so that it may become part of the Kingdom of God not only in the thoughts and hearts, but in the *wills* of men. It aims at dealing not with the results but with the *source* of misunderstanding, suffering, and anger. For people are the chiefest, most fundamental, and precious commodity in the world, and no economic consideration (in terms of profit and gain) can stand over against the life and well-being of the most simple and backward of the British race. This was the axiom of our Master—it profits nothing if the world is gained, and the life of the soul is lost.

JIM BURFORD.

In the Persian Gulf: A Salute

Verses reprinted from the Times of April 26 by courtesy of the Editor.

THE Gulf's alive,
With Abadan oil-waggons.
G.R. 25
Gives drink to his sea-dragons.

Salaam, King's ship,
The size of our bow-anchors!
To you we dip.
We are the British Tankers.

God bless King G.,
The Gulf, and British shipping.
I'll swear that he
Saw our red duster dipping.

Toggle and bight,
The poop all piping hot is.
Red dips to white,
Apprentices to Snotties.

Off Khor Fakkan
The *Fowey*—a Cornish jewel—
Lay spick and span,
And said, "I like your fuel."

Behind Hanjam,
No place to keep a sloop in,
One said: "I am
His Majesty's own *Lupin*."

It's not no law!
It's manners, that is what 'tis.
So dip *encore*,
Apprentices to Snotties.

What? Cut it out!
Give up old-fashioned dipping?
Fools only flout
Good manners among shipping.

It gets on nerves,
When the damned Gulf is baking.
But George deserves
The trouble we are taking.

G.R. 25
Inspires a sort of shanty.
In him's alive
A middy in *Bacchante*.

TUBBY.

OVERWORKED BOYS

FROM time to time all of us who keep our eyes open (as it is the bounden duty of an active Toc H member to do) notice boys working late and apparently long hours. We may find them at a garage where we call for a fill-up on our way to a Guest-night, or opening the swing doors of a hotel or working a lift or sitting on the tail-board of a van which is delivering the week's washing. Many of us would like to think that these boys had been at school during the day and were now enjoying their leisure in active and fruitful ways. But our own eyes tell us that their day's work and play is nothing of the kind.

We wonder—or ought to wonder—if anything can be done about it, for what we see does not seem a sensible or just way to treat a growing boy. It would be better if we *knew* whether anything could be done, and, if so, what. What is the law in the matter to which, as citizens, we have a right to appeal? We all know, rather vaguely, that most classes of

workers, including children and young people, are protected in various ways by Act of Parliament. Those of us who have given even an hour or two to the study of our country's industrial history know how slowly the public conscience has been aroused to deal with the conditions—at one time shockingly barbarous—under which women and children work; we know also that every stage of reform still has to be fought for very patiently and pertinaciously and takes a long time, and that there is a great deal of ground still to be won. But a good many safeguards already exist, and it is our duty to know something about them and to help, when we have the chance, to enforce them.

At a recent meeting of the Joint Council of London Juvenile Organisations Committees (at which Toc H was represented) it was suggested that a summary of *some*, at least, of the provisions of the Shops Act might be useful to workers in young people's organisations and to all interested in the welfare of boys and girls.

This summary, which does not pretend to be complete, we print below. It must also be remembered that further protection for various classes of juvenile workers is given by the Factory Acts and Children's and Young People's Acts.

If any of us comes across a contravention of these regulations, or suspects that they are being broken, or feels that something ought to be done in a case which they do not seem to cover, we ought at once to get in touch with those who can investigate the facts properly and, if possible, take action. The Juvenile Organisations Committee (J.O.C.), where it exists, is the co-ordinating body between voluntary organisations, educational authorities and other statutory authorities in matters concerning young people. The Juvenile Advisory Committee (J.A.C.) is a statutory body, working with the schools and concerned with the employment of boys and girls. It may not always be easy to find the right person or body to investigate and tackle abuses, but in every place we ought to expect allies to right a wrong. Our names, as complainants, should not be divulged without our permission. In taking this kind of action we shall only be doing what is the duty of any good citizen.

Shops Act, 1934

A summary of some of the main provisions of the Shops Act, 1934, which covers previous Acts and adds to them. Its 'temporary modifications' of hours came into force on December 30, 1934, and the hours given below are those thus in force. The 'full modification' of hours intended by the Act will come into force on December 27, 1936.

HOURS OF WORK.

(1) No young person between the ages of 14 and 16 shall be employed for more than the normal maximum working hours of 52 per week.

(2) No young person between the ages of 16 and 18 shall be employed for more than the normal maximum working hours of 52 per week with the following exceptions:—

- (a) *On occasions of seasonal or exceptional pressure* young people between 16 and 18 may be employed overtime up to a maximum of 6 weeks in any one year and a maximum of 24 working hours in the year. They may not be employed overtime in any week if they have done 8 hours overtime the previous week.
- (b) In the *Catering Trades* they may be employed for a maximum of 60 hours in one week, provided that the following week they are employed for not more than 44 (*i.e.* 104 hours in two weeks) and provided that the owner or manager exhibits a notice to that effect in his shop or restaurant.
- (c) *In the sale of accessories for aircraft, motor vehicles and cycles* youths over 16 may work 58 hours per week, but not more than 156 working hours in three consecutive weeks, provided a notice is put up in the shop beforehand.

EVENING EDUCATION.

(3) The Secretary of State may make regulations, should these appear necessary, to prevent the hours of employment being so arranged as to deprive the young people of reasonable opportunities for instruction.

RESTRICTION ON NIGHT EMPLOYMENT.

(4) A young person employed about the business of a shop shall be allowed an interval of 11 consecutive hours between mid-day one day and mid-day the next—these 11 hours to include the hours 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., except in the case of youths over 16 who are employed in the delivery of milk, bread or newspapers and who may be employed between the hours of 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. and those in the catering trades who may be employed up to midnight or in retail trade in a theatre until such time as the evening performance ends, provided that the 11 consecutive hours off duty time are retained.

STREET TRADERS.

(5) Street traders are granted the same half-holidays and meal-time intervals as are at present enjoyed by shop assistants under the Shops Act, 1912.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HEALTH AND COMFORT OF SHOP WORKERS.

(6) Suitable arrangements must be made

for the health and comfort of the workers, for lighting, heating and ventilation, washing and sanitary accommodation and facilities for eating meals.

In addition notices as to hours and meal times must be posted in shops, and a notice to the effect that seats provided for women shop assistants are intended for use must be exhibited.

MONKEYS—AND MEN

GOD set men and women to live together in families so that they might understand His purpose for the world. He made the world to be the home of a family. Unfortunately it is only the exceptional home that houses the spirit of the family. Toc H in its own way is seeking to further the purpose of God by building families of men. Members ought therefore to know what a family is. Let us therefore consider the monkey.

There is a legend that monkeys can talk but keep the fact dark lest they should be made to work. This may be bad zoology but it is suggestive. Monkeys don't express themselves intelligibly and so remain monkeys. Self-expression may involve work but it is the end of monkeydom.

It isn't a face that makes a monkey. Many people have monkey faces who are nevertheless persons. It isn't actions that make a monkey. Some people are full of monkey tricks and are yet not monkeys. On the other hand some monkeys can act like humans and yet remain monkeys, because they are not expressing themselves. It is at any rate partially true that we become persons only by self-expression.

Only too often pupils are trained to express their teachers and boys' club members their leaders. Thus the world tends to become peopled with shallow prigs. Boys thus trained may become members of

Parliament. They may become parsons. They will not become personalities. It certainly requires some skill to articulate other people's thoughts. It requires courage to express one's own thoughts. Yet our own thoughts are our best contribution to any circle.

The art of being natural is almost dead. Yet it is one of the great secrets of life. It is always better for a man to be himself than to ape someone else. An echo is an echo. It is never a voice. When it pretends to be a voice it becomes a sham. Young folks are urged to work in order to "get on." It is better that they should be trained in order to "get out."

Most people, including members of Toc H, are self-contained prisons. Hence the best songs are left unsung and the richest jokes remain uncracked. What a comical world it is and what silly folk we are! We daren't be ourselves and yet we have a huge sense of our own importance. I wonder if monkeys laugh at our conceit. I guess God must often smile.

Jesus came to bring life. He sought to introduce us to a great big beautiful world. We seem to prefer a gloomy prison with a few small windows through which the sunlight streams. We must "get out." We are men, not monkeys. All things are ours to help us—out. We have no right to rob the family or the world of ourselves.

For pity's sake let us seek liberty in the Toc H unit to which we belong. Most grouzers are men who are afraid to be themselves. Even a goat hates living in a ten-foot circle. Even a monkey hates a

cage. Men ought to hate confinement and love freedom. A family is a circle to which we give ourselves, in which for the sake of others we discipline ourselves voluntarily. G.W.S.

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ Congratulations to the following on their promotion to Branch status:—JERUSALEM, MOUNT EDEN (New Zealand), SOUTH PETHERTON (South Western Area).

✠ The Rev. G. W. EVANS, formerly Southern Area Padre, has been appointed an Hon. Association Padre.

✠ ARTHUR LODGE (North Western Area Secretary) has resigned from the staff after eleven years' service. He hopes to continue his membership and his interest in the family though ceasing to be one of those who serve it whole-time. GIL HARRISON, from Nottingham, is taking over temporarily the Secretaryship of the Manchester Area.

✠ During May JACK MADDOCK (Chairman, Hull District) goes to Leicester to become Secretary of the East Midlands Area; and STUART GREENACRE leaves Leicester for Bristol to take up his former work as Western Area Secretary.

✠ The Rev. E. R. CHARLEWOOD has resigned his appointment as Padre to the Northern London Marks and has become Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

✠ The Rev. JOHN C. S. DALY, who, as announced last month, is to be the first Bishop of the new diocese of Gambia and the Rio Pongas, is being consecrated at All Hallows on May 1. This is the first time in its long history that the consecration of a Bishop has taken place in this church.

✠ Owing to the fall in the exchange value of the BELGA, the inclusive cost of week-end PILGRIMAGES TO THE OLD HOUSE, as from May 1, will be reduced to £2 17s. 6d. until further notice.

✠ The ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL on April 27 will be reported in the JUNE JOURNAL, in order not to delay unduly the publication of the present issue.

"THE FAMILY TREE"

EVERY newspaper and periodical is an Aunt Sally for someone. None can escape criticism—neither the gay fireworks of Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Mail* nor the solemn warnings of the *Morning Ghost* that the Empire is once again, and this time finally, going to the dogs. One kind of paper is called "highbrow" by those who don't read it, the other kind 'tripe' by those who never buy it. Which only shows that one man's meat is another man's poison. The Toc H JOURNAL is, of course, no exception to this healthy rule. Ever since it started (thirteen years ago next month) it has counted an issue wasted if no one has criticised it.

The chief points made against this JOURNAL are now fairly well defined. They are:—

(a) that the JOURNAL costs too much—2d., not 6d., is all that members can afford; (b) the articles are mostly too long, too dull and too difficult; (c) they often deal with matters which are not 'Toc H subjects'; (d) there is too much 'teaching' and too little humour; (e) while the overseas news is excessive, there is *much* too little news of Branches and Groups at home; (f) the printing and general 'get-up' is too 'expensive' and fanciful; (g) there are too few advertisements.

The Editor of the JOURNAL, therefore, has the great joy this month of offering hospitality to a rival, which he believes some readers will find a model of all that a Toc H magazine should be. Long life to *The Family Tree*!

A HUNDRED NEW TOWNS FOR BRITAIN

A Scheme of National Reconstruction proposed by J. 47485. Simpkin & Marshall Ltd., 3/6.

THIS is a most interesting book. It lies to the right hand now; a long thin volume with a bold manifesto printed in blue down a pale green page which challenges the reader in four slogans to "solve the slum problem; to give creative employment; to save the countryside; and to make an A1 population." These are the slogans of every New Deal which would build the English Jerusalem; but so far no scheme for Public Works can promise the fulfilment of them or the one set out in this book.

It is a plan to build a Hundred New Towns each of 50,000 inhabitants, and it designs to strike at the method of the present housing system, which for all its virtues and the care and sincerity given to it remains haphazard and inadequate. There are still 10,000,000 people to be rehoused. The present policy, however, only does two things: it either replaces a slum area by a tall block of flats, or it builds a Housing Estate—neat, new pin-like and soulless because it is manufactured and thus is set upon the landscape; and its houses straggle out of town along the ribbon edges of the arterial roads to the harm of the countryside. Towns and cities are not the only victims, for there are the villages, which may become drop-sical with expansion.

Wanted—A 'Community Sense'

These new Towns, by re-housing 5,000,000, would avoid the disabilities of this policy. And there are many. There is the absence in many cases in the Housing Estate of any real community sense among the dwellers, which is caused by the lack of variety in social and occupational interests. Variety is the salt of an active society; and even the presence of

a community centre is no remedy, for the community itself is self-consciously segregated in the mass by the rental limits of the houses built. Then, too, there is all importantly the effect on the health of the young. This is, of course, recognised and the problem is seriously considered by some thinking Housing Committees, but the provision of sun-roofs and covered playgrounds, lifts and private staircases do not prevent the present policy from essentially putting the old conditions into new houses. Paradoxically, perhaps, but in truth, the Housing problem is not primarily one of houses. It is the social building which is the vital matter; as the Master of Balliol in his lectures on "Christianity and Economics" pointed out three years ago, there is still the damnable tendency to-day to divide Society into Blocks of West End and East End. It is a feature of all continental cities.

There must be a way out from the problem, an escape which is sword enough to cut down at the roots of the social evil which it engenders, in order afterwards to build creatively a new and better society. If not there is no progress, and poor wisdom in men.

The Spirit of Adventure

The Hundred New Towns Scheme reviews the situation from all points of view. Whatever the economic quibble against it may be (and the equivocal of economics is incessant) there is a spirit of adventure in the scheme. It appeals to the colonising instincts of our race and urges us to find a new outlet for them in this country. In the first place the feasibility of the idea rests upon the fact that Town Settlement no longer depends entirely upon the fixed position of natural

resources. The power of industry to-day is mobile—it is electric. In 1934 over three-quarters of the industries in the British Isles were upon electric power; and it is assumed therefore that the extension of the grid system could give a wide flexibility in the choosing of new sites for town industries and the towns to be built round them.

Rediscovering the Country

Here then is a thought: Can we discover again the English countryside? There is, it seems, within our grasp a chance to form a triple alliance between Industry, Agriculture, and Sociology. "It may be assumed," says one section of the book, "that the vast majority of the Hundred New Towns would be in the vicinity of agricultural land, and varying percentages of the population would be engaged in market gardening, fruit growing, and in farming of all kinds." Once more in English history agriculture and industry could join hands. This plan captures the imagination, for what real reformer could resist the opportunity to create communities of men whose industrial vigour is in contact with nature? Her close presence distinguished ancient cities from our own; and it charms still the English country towns. From these came the yeoman stock through whose veins the whole structure of our liberties have sprung, and for whom, in the face of the silent, idle and hopeless areas which industry disowns, we should seek again.

The Risk of Mass Production

The sociological aspect of the new scheme is important. The building of these towns should be creative in all directions—to craftsmen, artists, and citizens. As the scheme is based essentially upon colonisation, and the period of it is a suggested ten years, it follows that architects and craftsmen would again find a

splendid outlet for their gifts; and that the social sense which a town gives to its people would pass into strong and living bonds of community. These bonds are as much spiritual as civic, and the scheme insists that churches should be built as well as Town Halls. But for all the apparent virtues, there is one question which we must ask. Can a scheme which must involve some conscious planning avoid the mass production sameness which stamps the present method? The answer in this book is an appendix of elaborate but beautifully designed diagrams which suggest the lay-out to be adopted. There is a suspicion of "type" about them; but in all matters of this nature the spontaneity and variety of artistic creation must be left to the ability of the architects and builders.

However, as yet, we speak only of a scheme and no *fait accompli*. It is but recently that the idea has gained any real notice; it is new and there are points in it which invite contention. This is natural. The promotion of such a grand-scale work needs careful study, but one thing seems clear. If this country takes a leaf from the Continental book and decides to adopt the Public Works' method to help employment, this is a scheme to be considered. It is not un-English; though we admit that it would be a new departure for England, which directs with foresight and beneficence many races of the world, to turn the same attentions to her own domains.

'Guernsey' Finance

What of the financial side of the matter? This is a reflection into History. It is based upon the Guernsey experiment of 1820—an historical footnote worth remarking. In that year, in order to provide a market building, the "States" who were unable to borrow or to raise taxes,

issued 5,500 £1 notes. These were to be redeemed later from the rents taken from the stall holdings of the building. These rents came to over £600 annually, and in ten years all the notes had been cancelled. This was not a policy of true inflation because in the end there were no more notes in currency than before. Guernsey found this plan profitable and used it again. There is real simplicity and freshness about such economy which invites someone to give it a trial to-day. We are not economists and therefore must leave it to others to debate the "snags." We only go so far as to realise that the States were probably certain of their stall-rents, and there are no such assurances to-day from agriculture or industry.

A National Peace Memorial

However, any big idea has its "snags" and calls for its own courage. J 47485, who is incidentally an old member of Toc H, claims to have found a policy of realism, and to see in its fulfilment a "National Peace Memorial"; and indeed in times of distress money has been spent on less worthy memorials. The book, first published in October, 1933, has the support of a number of men in the public

service, including among them Sir Edward Lutyens; the President of the Royal Society; Sir Robert Hadfield, F.R.S., the Vice-President of the Federation of British Industries; and Mr. Coppock, the general secretary of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives; and Professor Adshead, of London University, and Mr. Colin Clark, of Cambridge University, to represent economic opinion. These gentlemen wrote to *The Times* on February 4, 1934, to plead the cause of the scheme, and now eighteen months later it is being given some real attention. Divorced from party politics it has imagination and sense behind it and a strong call to creative endeavour. A recent authority in the Press remarked that Utopian schemes for re-housing, among which he probably includes this one, demand powers of industrial conscription to effect them; and he may speak true, but any scheme which sets out to regenerate national life must of necessity involve conscious administration either by the State or by some authority under it. And authority need not yet mean that of a party in political power, while there are still altruistic forces in the State.

F. W. J.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

George Rye: Southborough Branch

Councillor GEORGE RYE, a member of the Kent County Council and a very early member of Southborough Group, died on March 7. He was a man of many public activities.

R. E. Strathern: Dundee Group

Padre STRATHERN, Rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, was one of the founders of the Group and their most faithful friend.

D. J. Cowieson: Inverness Group

The sudden death of D. J. COWIESON has robbed the Inverness Group of one of their earliest members and most active workers.

Claude Lloyd-Edwards: Toc H Builder

A member of an old landowning family, and a model landlord, CLAUDE LLOYD-EDWARDS, of Nan Lown, Caernarvonshire, was keenly interested in the growth of Toc H. His early death at the age of 50 has robbed North Wales of a real friend.

P. E. S. Godolphin: Chelsea Branch

We regret to record the loss to the Chelsea Branch in the death of Major GODOLPHIN.

Dan Byfield: West Wickham Branch

The West Wickham Branch have lost a staunch worker and a cheerful presence in the death of DAN BYFIELD on March 25.

Geoffrey Russell Rees Colman: Norwich
 "NOW and again there is born into this world a man so good, a spirit so rare, an influence so strong and sympathetic, a character so fine, an inspiration so noble, that his death does indeed greatly and permanently affect the lives of all who knew him. Such a man was Geoffrey Colman. . . ." So wrote a friend of his in *The Times* of the passing over, on March 18, of this great personality, a member of Norwich Toc H.

He and Gilbert Talbot met as undergraduates at Oxford and became close friends. The early Summer of 1914 found them both on their way to Canada to begin a World Tour, on leaving the University. News of the outbreak of war reached them when their

ship was one day out from Quebec, and on landing they returned at once to join up. They served in the 7th Rifle Brigade and were in the trenches at Hooze together in 1915, though Geoffrey Colman escaped, through illness, the attack in which Gilbert Talbot fell (see April JOURNAL). Later he received wounds from which he never fully recovered.

There are two Lamps dedicated to the memory of Gilbert Talbot. One, originally lit for Farnham, was bestowed on Keiskama Hoek, the first Branch in South Africa, in 1925. The other was given by Geoffrey Colman in 1924 "in memory of my friend Gilbert Talbot," and is proudly maintained by Norwich Branch.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Alive or Dead ?

DEAR EDITOR,

It is good to find in the JOURNAL an article such as Kappa's; it is heartening to know that one man at least—or it may be men—has the courage (for courage it needs) to go straight to the heart of the many problems now distracting this nation, and he shows an insight into these problems which is rare in these days of lip-service.

But how many take the trouble to read such an article, or having read it, take the trouble to ponder it? Not many, if the truth is to be looked in the face; for the will to a better understanding of the eternal realities is not strong amongst men of the present generation, and without such better understanding these problems are not going to be solved, no matter how some may strive.

And so, when the question is asked: "Whither Toc H?—Alive or dead?" the reply will be a vague confused murmuring of many voices, and must needs remain so until leadership, more akin to that of the prophets of old, is forthcoming—leadership not of the type which constantly asks: "What are you going to do about it?" but rather of the type which says: "This is what I am going to do about it; will you keep me company?"

Yours sincerely,

Epsom.

CAMPHOR.

The Quality of Service

DEAR EDITOR,

Last month Alec Churcher had cause to write about the need for quality rather than quantity in Toc H service. These columns have repeatedly urged the same thing, but we seem as amateurish in our jobs now as ever. We still bark loudly about our jobs, and hope that this will hide an inferior bite. It almost seems at times as though we were anxious to gain the credit for the sacrifice of our leisure time without exerting the effort necessary to make the sacrifice worth while (see "*Jobs and Life*," p. 182.—ED.).

I wished recently to introduce some people to Toc H through work in which I knew them to be interested. I asked two Toc H members, who, I was given to understand, helped to run a Boys' Club, to meet my friends and introduce them to the Club. They consented. But when the Toc H members arrived (20 minutes late) it looked that neither of them knew enough of the Club to make their presence of any value. One of them had taken on a job there, about which he knew nothing; the other did a little clerical work. I had to apologise to my friends, feeling very ashamed of the Movement to which it should be an honour to belong. This experience I believe to be typical of many to be found in Toc H.

A sign of the same failing is often found in the published accounts of Toc H activities. We have to say that these were 'very successful.' The *Family Chronicle* in the JOURNAL is usually full of self-praise. Even reading the *Annual Report* for 1935 left one with the impression that Toc H was rather pleased with itself. Surely if Toc H is the great Movement we think it is, it would do better to leave its actions to speak for themselves.

As a means of improving the quality of our service, I put forward the suggestion that no member should take on the responsibility for a job that requires special knowledge without an adequate training. In many cases this can be had for the asking. Where training is inaccessible, a member can always obtain literature on the subject, and can take steps to train himself. Toc H could do valuable work in organising diploma systems in various branches of social service. A member who wished to take on a job would work in a subordinate position during his training, but would not be allowed to take over responsibility until he has the necessary diploma.

Surely we could make a start by aiming at a higher standard throughout Boys' Club work. Here, I believe, training is readily accessible through the N.A.B.C. But many who are prepared to help in Boys' Clubs are not prepared to undergo a period of instruction that would make their services of real value. More and more to-day people are realising the need for training in social services. Rather than be slow to accept the advantages which this realisation is bringing, Toc H should surely be in the forefront of the movement.

Yours sincerely,

Kent.

A GENERAL MEMBER. *Barnet.*

Summer "Treats" for Boys

DEAR EDITOR,

Alec Churcher has drawn attention to this subject, and I would like to emphasise his remarks, especially to those Sea-side or Rural units who may be planning a big children's outing or holiday camp. The usual method in these cases is for the unit to get someone else to pick the lucky kids from poor homes in an urban area a long way away. This means that a few heroic Toc H men work like niggers for children whom they cannot know and never see again. Also it too frequently happens that the children are "poached" from a Club or Scout Troop which has its own camp or outing. This is, of course, quite wrong and makes the club leader or S.M. curse Toc H with all his heart.

May I suggest to those units that they try a different plan, namely, a series of week-end camps or day trips for a *few* working boys who have no prospect of a holiday. All, or nearly all, the members of the unit can take part, and if the boys are wisely chosen they will add vastly to the "education" of their Toc H hosts, or, better, "friends." The important point is that the real job is spreading Toc H in a way that gives opportunity for lasting influence on the boys' character, and for bringing them in personal contact with Toc H men who could not manage the job in a big camp or outing. To choose the boys I should approach the After Care Committee of the County or Borough Council, who will (or ought to) be very glad to co-operate. I should not get them from a Club or Scout Troop, nor from a Church.

Yours sincerely,

GEOFF. CUNNINGHAM.

ASIDES

Soccer Five-a-Side, April 6

The Toc H Association Football Club has a very subtle form of exercise. It is also an entertainment. Likewise it is witty. At least, that is the impression it gave me, otherwise I could find no excuse for it on rational grounds.

The idea seems roughly to be this. Fifty people take five round leather balls; ten to a ball, and they play simultaneously with them on five grass plots. This Essay in confusion is called the "Five-a-Sides" because the men play five on each side of the ball, and, pre-

sumably, because the five grass plots are also five-a-side. That is the subtlety.

But the *pièce de resistance* is the wit. This may be solely my discovery, but I pass it on, in the hope that in future this rare sport will attract those who love Bach and Ezra Pound. The intellectual ingenuity of such gentlemen has nothing so tortuous or so fresh to offer. Einstein couldn't conceive it; nor could Epstein draw it. Not one of these, I repeat, could have thought of football played in a series of "asides." That's the point. Once you've got it, it's exciting. It thrills me now as I write. Think of the spectator set in the midst of this by-play; round him and above him, his auditory and visual senses stimulated—yes, that's the word, stimulated—by the excitement which comes from kicking a ball in several places—I refer, of course, to the five green plots. All this at once, all kaleidoscopic; like images in Association. And all for nothing.

Nor do the spectators have all the wit. The players share in it, for how can ten men play five-a-side of a round ball? Well obvious, isn't it? They can't. This leads to complications or "offsides" and footy arguments or "penalties," and these a man

decides with a whistle. Witty? Far-fetched?—perhaps, but how modern and what delicious wit.

This rare sport goes on for several hours. At regular intervals the players are changed, but a continuous performance is kept up. Those teams that show more skill get preference over those that don't and so on until the teams are reduced to two. The preference consists of goals. These are excursions of the ball, kicked through overgrown croquet hoops stuck into the ground at each end of the grass plot, very difficult to accomplish and spasmodic and inducive to cheers and hullabaloo from the spectators. The two clever teams which had the final by-play were West Ham and Wolverton, and West Ham won by four of these goals to nil. For this skill at 6.40 p.m., they were given the Musters Cup, presented by the great man himself.

Never have I attended such a rare game or spent an afternoon in such distraction. There were fifty teams competing and several came from the country. This was good. It is perhaps needless to mention that the whole affair transpired at a place called Folly Farm, near Barnet. But it did.

Rugger Seven-a-Side, April 13

The above took place this year for the ninth time at New Barnet on the Toc H Sports Ground, when the clerk of the weather kept a fine afternoon in store for us on Saturday, April 13. Nineteen teams had entered—a great improvement on last year, due in no small measure to the fact that District teams could enter as well as one Nomad team. Oxford, unfortunately, had to "cry-off," but Crowmarsh (a welcome new entry) and Northampton sent teams up. The three combined teams were defeated in the first round, and after the first few matches it was seen that the Marks would have to look to their laurels. Actually, Kennington were narrowly defeated by Northampton, who also went on to beat Mark VII in the semi-final by one goal to nil. This was the keenest match of the afternoon, the tackling of Northampton being

grand. In the other half of the draw, Tower Hill were steadily working their way through to the final. In the second round Enfield had put up a keen fight, but were beaten by 11 points to nil. In the semi-final Mark I were the victims to the tune of 23-0. Throughout the tournament Northampton had had the more strenuous games of the two finalists, but Tower Hill showed great teamwork and won the final match by 16 points to nil, thus being the first non-Mark Branch to carry off the "W. A. Dodd" Cup. Their total score of 86 points for and none against speaks for itself and should serve as an encouragement to other Units to enter teams for this annual gathering. Incidentally, both finalists have played in the final once before—Tower Hill last year and Northampton in 1933; on both occasions Mark VII won the Cup.

A BAG OF BOOKS

The Compleat Correspondent

Letters written to and for Particular Friends on the most Important Occasions, directing not only the Requisite Style and Forms to be observed in writing Familiar Letters; but how to Think and Act justly and prudently in the Common Concerns of Human Life. Printed for C. Rivington, in St. Paul's Churchyard; J. Osborn, in Pater-noster Row; and J. Leake, in Bath. 2nd Edition, 1741.

Letters on subjects of Importance to the Happiness of Young Females, addressed by a Governess to her Pupils, chiefly while they were under her Tuition; to which is added a few practical Lessons on the Improprieties of Language and Errors of Pronunciation, which frequently occur in common Conversation. By Helena Wells. Printed for L. Peacock, Oxford Street; and W. Creech, Edinburgh. 1799.

Some of the books commonly reviewed in these pages come hot from the printing press, others have had a good many months to cool down. Why should we not also review, for a change, a couple of books which any careless observer might think must be stone-cold by now? For one is nearer 150 than 100 years old, the other not far off its double century. Well, in any way, here goes!

These two neat volumes do not come to us in a flashy paper 'dust-jacket,' with a publisher's blurb on the flap which cries aloud the virtues they lack. Both are bound in sober brown 'tree-calf,' much the worse for wear. They fell into the reviewer's hands from the bookshelf of his Quaker grandfather, who, as a lad, rejoiced soberly at Queen Victoria's Coronation. And they remain an invaluable guide to any of us who would like to recapture a lost art—that of letter-writing.

How bright and breezy are these letters, compared with the dull little notes ("O.K. Thursday. Meet me Marble Arch Tube, 2.30 punc.") which we now scribble on post-cards with fountain pens! How different, for instance, is the style of Miss Helena Wells, when she writes (on February 20, 1797) to "dear Margaret," a pupil in "a delicate state of health," and for that reason, we fear, rather a backward little girl for fourteen years of age. On the sixth page of this letter (there are sixteen pages altogether) she writes:

"Having imbibed a taste for reading at a time of life when my companions were amused by playing with their dolls, I am the more apt to wonder how anyone can have arrived at the age of fourteen, without being convinced of the per-

manent advantages to be derived from study . . . You cannot be mortified at my observing that I find it necessary to point out for your perusal the works of authors whose beauties were familiar to Miss Johnson (*O rare Miss Johnson!*—Ed.) Mrs. Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," would, I am satisfied, teach you many things essential to happiness, of which you are now ignorant; so would Dr. Gregory's "Father's Legacy to his Daughters," and the "Sermons to Young Women," of my much respected, and sincerely lamented friend, Dr. James Fordyce."

Mark how neatly and attractively clever Miss Wells lures her wayward Margaret towards the delights of study! How bald and tame against this our modern school-books seem, our singing games, our classroom clay models of mountains! What young lady of fourteen but would have trampled her doll to get at the hidden treasures of Dr. Gregory (the inventor, we presume, of the benificent Powders)! How she must have fallen upon gentle Mrs. Chapone and devoured the sainted Dr. Fordyce! But the kind Governess has even greater treats in store:

"In perusing the poem of our immortal Thomson on the *Seasons*, you will find your bosom glow with gratitude to your Maker for having placed you in temperate climes, and under a mild government, where you are neither exposed to witness the fatal effects of the whirlwinds and hurricanes of the torrid zone, or to trace the still more dreadful devastation caused by the caprice and ungovernable passions of an Eastern despot. If you have one spark of kindred genius in your soul, how will you be delighted with this poet's animated views of nature; nor will his sketches of human life, in his various pathetic narratives, fail to interest the feelings, and to penetrate to the inmost recesses of the heart. With what exultation will you say, when you have concluded the work, it was *my* country that gave birth to the author of this poem."

Unfortunately, we cannot know what was the reaction of 'Miss Margaret R.,' aged fourteen, to this capital advice. Did she at once "peruse" James Thomson, feel her "bosom swell with gratitude" as she read on, and when she had "concluded the work" (it contains 5,418 lines of stately verse) did she burst into *Rule Britannia*, the immortal song which the same James Thomson had written but fifty years earlier? Or was she an incorrigible little girl, the sort that nowadays grows up to cocktail parties and the cult of Mac West?

'Memento Mori'

Nor can we really get to know Miss Helena Wells, the excellent authoress. She was evidently somewhat serious-minded by nature. The recent death of an acquaintance gives her the text for a long letter to her young charges in this manner:—

"But a little while since, how blooming and gay was that loved companion, who is now mouldering in the dust, a prey to worms . . . It may be your turn next to feel the gripping hand of fell disease . . . 'Set thy house in order, for this night thy soul shall be required of thee,' should ever vibrate in our ears . . . for who can suffer themselves to cherish any malignancy of temper, that considers when she lays her head on her pillow, of the probability that before the morrow's dawn she may be called into the presence of her Maker, with all her imperfections on her head."

She says expressly, however, that she "does not mean to abridge their enjoyments" by such reflections as these. She is quite ready to admit that:—

"Solomon does not intend to express a disapprobation of social pleasures, or to prohibit innocent mirth and festivity . . . Boisterous mirth is never allowable: it indicates folly, and is sure to render those who practice it contemptible; for to laugh without being able to assign a cause for your risibility, is putting yourself on a level with idiots . . . How often are persons, of any degree of observation and reflection, wounded to the quick, at perceiving a *pert forward* Miss taking off the singularities of a venerable relative."

Wells of Gladness

Though it is clear that Miss Wells is not in favour of riotous pleasures, we do get the impression that behind the tremendous curtain of solemn words which surround her (perhaps rather like the layers of flannel petticoats she probably wore) she was really quite human: in forgetful moments she may even

have been—to use a shocking word—jolly. Such phrases as these are evidence:—

"Few people contemplate a fair face and elegant form with more pleasure than I do . . . *Under twenty* those of our sex *not absolutely plain*, are mistress of some attractions which induce the other to pay their court to us" (*true she goes on her to rebuke 'Miss Harriet S.' for setting her cap—or rather "snowy folds" of neckcloth—at a young man in church a few Sundays before*) . . . "I do not forget that I was once a child; and, in the hours of recreation, it is my delight to observe the various expedients you fall upon for amusing each other . . . To dance with elegance and agility is the peculiar accomplishment of the young . . . I wish you, my dear girls, to comprehend my meaning; for while I am not a little gratified at perceiving that you enter with spirit into the amusement of quick dancing, instead of labouring through it as if a task were imposed, I would likewise be desirous of having you distinguished for the graceful and appropriate manner with which you perform the flower movements."

The Good Governess

On the whole we are quite ready to believe that the unsatisfactory Miss Margaret R., the romantic Miss Martha L., Miss Harriet S. (in spite of her "unjustifiable neglect of psalmody" in Church), most of "my Pupils under Twelve Years of Age," and even the pious Miss Mary Johnson did not have a bad time after all—no worse than lots of ultra-modern girls. As to their estimable governess, we get one or two hints of autobiography which are rather touching:—

"From a combination of unlooked for events and perplexing circumstances, it has been my lot to fill the important station of preceptress of youth. Hard indeed to be borne should I consider those dispensations that seclude me from the society of my friends, if I did not feel the most exquisite delight in believing myself instrumental to the happiness of a number of amiable beings, whose present and future well-doing has become the first object of my hopes and wishes."

In other words (far less elegant, we fear) bad luck had pushed her into the lonely career of a governess—parted from family and friends, on the defensive before parents, children and servants alike—and she was making the very best of a difficult job. Perhaps, to use her own italic phrases, "*under twenty*" she had been "*not absolutely plain*," the "mistress of some attractions which induced the other sex to pay their court" to her. Was there a broken

romance behind? We can't tell. But when she writes that "you have probably by this time deemed your governess to be prolix," we are inclined to agree. Long-windedness seems to have been the only fault of Miss Helena Wells.

* * * *

The other little book, half a century older, takes us out of the elegant refinement of the schoolroom into the rough wide world. It seeks to provide the perfect pattern for the letter which you might need to write on any occasion in common life: no less than 183 occasions are thus foreseen. Are you an uncle who wishes to reprove his nephew for keeping bad company?—then see letter II; or an elder brother who feels bound to remonstrate with a younger who is "*in love with a Young Lady of great Gaiety?*"—then look at No. IX; or "*a young Gentleman writing to a Father, apprising him of his Affection for his Daughter,*" or a City Dealer composing "*a pressing and angry letter*" about an outstanding account, or an anxious parent to "*a Daughter in a Country Town who encourages the Address of a Subaltern (a Case too frequent in Country Towns)*"?—then turn to Nos. XVIII, XLIV and LXIII in this pattern book.

Queer Contingencies

Some of the occasions seem a little remote—rather like the French conversation books which demand whether you happen to have the Pen of the Gardener about you. For instance, not all of us have to write as "*a Son reduced by his own extravagance, to request his Father's advice on his intention to turn Player*" (i.e., go on the stage—or the films), a request which is answered by bidding us "consider that, tho' in the gay Trappings of that Employment a Man may represent a Gentleman, yet none can be further from that character . . . you will easily see that more Credit, more Satisfaction, more Ease and more Profit may be got in many other Stations, without the mortifying knowledge of being deem'd a Vagrant by the Laws of your Country." And not all of us are called upon to give "*Instructions to*

young Orphan Ladies how to judge of Proposals of Marriage made to them without their Guardians' or Friends' Consent, by their Milaners, Mantua-makers, or other Go-betweens." If any member of L.W.H. wishes to keep up a correspondence with her aunt "*in relation to the Addresses made her by two Gentlemen—one a gay fluttering military Coxcomb, the other a Man of Sense and Honour,*" here are five letters which she can copy word for word. But we rather hope that no member of Toc H will feel bound to compose, for the benefit of overseas units, "*a humorous Epistle of neighbourly Occurrences and News, to a Bottle Companion abroad*" in the terms of the specimen given in Letter LXXVI. For "the Club" (or Branch) seems to have come to serious grief—what with Tim Brackley, the Half-pint Man, who "tipp'd off of one of the Kitchen benches in an Apoplexy," "honest, laughing Jack Adams" who "kick'd up of a fever," and Ben Tomlyns, never sober, who fell down stairs—"his Surgeon took him first, a fever next, then his Doctor, and then, as it were, of course, Death: a natural Round enough, you'll say." 'Humorous' things of this kind happened to most members of the Club and their lady friends, but there are two lapses into gloom—"Dick Jenkyns, the vile rake and beau, is turn'd Quaker, and that still greater Libertine, Peter Mottram, Methodist."

Old London

Now all this—and a great deal more in this useful little book—casts a really interesting sidelight on the manners and morals of the time. You can see how sons regarded their parents, apprentices their job, servants their masters, ladies their lovers, tradesmen their customers, tenants their landlords, widows their chances of a new venture. And not the least interesting is a series of letters from "*a young Lady in Town to her Aunt in the Country,*" describing the sights and doings of London in the middle of the 18th century. She visits the Tower, with its menagerie of "Lions, Panthers, Tiggers, also Eagles, Vultures, etc."; the Mint (then within the walls); the Horse-Armoury, "all being bright and shining"; the Train of Artillery in the Grand Storehouse—"the most worthy of the

Notice of a Stranger to *London* of anything I had been shewn." She finds the Riverside "a crowded and inconvenient Key compared to that of Bristol"; Sadlers Wells, with its "Diversions of Rope-dancing, Volting, Singing, Musick, etc.," she "thought well enough of." She visits St. Paul's and the Monument, the hospitals and the markets; she finds the Houses of Parliament "no means answerable to what she had expected," but Westminster Hall rather impressive, hung round with the Duke of Marlborough's trophies and with shops on both sides for booksellers and milliners; not only the Coronation Feast, but the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench and Common Pleas, "as you know," are held there. She visits all the Squares in a coach and even travels out of London to Chelsea 'College' and Kensington Palace and its gardens, where she marvels at the Serpentine River being "strait," and especially at a Row of Lamps in the road, "which is a Beauty as well as a Convenience."

Vulgar Amusements

Several unaccustomed sights she describes in particular detail—for they are rather shocking, and she therefore expects her aunt to enjoy them as much as she evidently did. One is the "divers odd Scenes of Holiday-folks" in Greenwich Park:

"Here appeared a rakish young Fellow, with two or three Women who look'd like Servant-maids, the Hero delighted, the Nymphs smiling round him; there a careful-looking Father with his Children on each side; Trains of admiring Lovers, ready-pair'd, followed one another in thronging Crouds at the Gate; a Sea-officer, with a Lady not over-burdened with Modesty in her Behaviour; a Croud of City Apprentices, some with, some without their Lasses; Half a dozen Beaux ogling all they met; and several seemingly disconsolate Virgins walking alone. The Concourse of middling Objects pressed chiefly towards a high Hill in the Middle of the Park; where, as they arrived, their Business was to take hold of Hands, and run down as fast as possible, amidst the Huzza's of a Multitude of People, who earnestly expected to see the Women fall, in hopes that their Cloaths would not lie so conveniently, when they were down, as might be wished. This, Madam, is a Diversion you would not expect so near the polite City of London; but I assure you, such a Levity possessed almost everybody assembled on this Occasion, as made the Park, though most beautiful in itself, no way entertaining to—*Your most dutiful Niece.*"

And then, one afternoon, she goes "to gratify the odd Curiosity most People have to see *Bethlehem*, or *Bedlam* Hospital." When a lunatic ("the late polite and ingenious Mr. —") attempts to woo her she is deliciously scandalised, and she is "much at a loss to account for the Behaviour of the Generality of People, who were looking at these melancholy Objects." For apparently 18th century London visited Bedlam exactly as it now visits the Zoo—to laugh at the inmates, with their "many hideous Roarings and wild Motions," and even (especially, it seems, the young lady visitors) to "provoke the Patients into Rage to make them Sport."

Al Fresco

And then, of course, Vauxhall Gardens are a great thrill. She proceeds, with uncle and cousins, by boat and lands just above Westminster, "where the green Banks and the open Country afford a very agreeable Prospect." First they listen to a concert: "the Musick, gallery and Organ look perfectly polite. . . . The Figure of Mr. *Handel*, a great Master of Musick, stands on one Side the Gardens, and looks pretty enough; the Musick plays from Five to Ten, about three Tunes in an Hour." And then they sup (at 10s. a head, which she finds too dear) in a painted Arbour: "perhaps you will wonder at our Supping in so open a Place, but I assure you, Madam, no Lady is too tender for so fashionable a Repast." She is taken home soon after 10 p.m.—probably rather regretfully, for "the votaries of *Cupid*, I am told, about that time, visit the remotest Walks, and sigh out the soft Passion in Accents that may possibly be improved by the melting Sweetness of the Musick." Was it sour grapes that made her conclude her letter to her excellent aunt with "I can sincerely declare that I take more Satisfaction in an Evening-walk with you up the *Westgrove*, where I am so often benefited by your good Instructions, than in the enchanting Shades of the so-much celebrated *Vauxhall*?"

At the Play

Our intelligent correspondent becomes terribly tedious in two long letters about

Westminster Abbey, but grows sprightlier in her criticisms of a concert and a night at the play. Of the first she writes, "What is the Reason of having every Word spoken, squaked to—I cannot say a Tune, but to such a *Hum* as makes me quite sick? . . . I must confess myself for downright Speaking or Singing: I hate Mongrels." Two letters follow "on the Diversions of the Play-house." First she saw a comedy "in which the Parts acted by Women had several Speeches that I thought not quite consistent with the Modesty of the Sex." She goes on to dilate on this theme—with rather much eagerness, we feel, for "a mind bent upon innocent Amusement, if not wholly on Instruction." And then she is taken to see *Hamlet*, by which (she says in a single sentence) she was "greatly moved." All the rest of this letter she devotes to the "low Scenes of *Harlequinery* that were exhibited afterwards." These "put me so much out of Patience, that I shall not bear the Sight of the Stage for some time. And indeed, having now run thro' the Diversions of the Town, I begin to be desirous of casting myself at your Feet, as becomes *Your dutiful Niece*." And so, going back to the innocent joys of the country, our anonymous charmer disappears from the scene.

A Public Execution

To complete the pageant of 18th century London by an item which, we may suppose, our young lady would not be allowed to enjoy, we have a very circumstantial letter "*from a Country Gentleman in Town to his Brother in the Country, describing a publick Execution in London*." He admits freely that he is "satisfying a Curiosity which he

believes natural to most People" and that he was affected "more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene" than by any feeling for the victims:

"That I might the better view the Prisoners and escape the Pressure of the mob, which is prodigious, nay, almost incredible, if we consider the Frequency of these Executions in London, which is once a Month; I mounted my Horse, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree." (i.e., the gallows at Tyburn, set up a few yards west of where the Marble Arch now stands).

He describes the unconcern and obscenity of three of the five condemned men and the "Horror and Despair" of the other two; the exhortation spoken by "the Bell-man" from the churchyard-wall of St. Sepulchre's (facing the Old Bailey), drowned by the noise of the mob; the wine, "notwithstanding a late good Order against that Practice," handed up to the prisoners; the scene at Tyburn, where "the Clergyman who attended was more the Subject of Ridicule than of their serious Attention"; "the Psalm sung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the most abandon'd and profligate of Mankind"; the wild scramble for the bodies (between friends of the dead and "some Persons sent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Dissection"); and the disgraceful method of burying one of them. He ends—surely a little disingenuously—"That is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was in no way entertaining to me."

So if you should ever be at a loss in writing "*letters to and for Particular Friends on the most important Occasions*" or should be in doubt as to "*How to think and act justly and prudently in the Common Concerns of Human Life*" this is the book to supply all you need. B. B.

"Blessed are they"

The Beatitudes in the Modern World. By Morgan Watcyn-Williams. S.C.M., 2s. 6d.

Every Christian generation is bound to study the Sermon on the Mount afresh in an attempt to find the solution for its special problems in that never-failing Code. Charles Gore's *Sermon on the Mount* was such an attempt, belonging to the generation which is passing; and this present book, which can scarcely challenge Gore's little masterpiece, does the same for the present

time. Its author is well-known to South Wales members of Toc H as the Padre of Merthyr Branch, and personal experience of a distressed area makes him write that "the sending of a cheque or of a parcel of clothing often becomes a substitute for the hard-thinking, the true praying, and the strenuous action which are needed to alter the situation." This is a stimulating book.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the Home and Mediterranean Fleets

On the occasion of the combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets this Spring it was possible to hold a joint meeting of members of Toc H in both Fleets at Gibraltar on March 18. It was a great joy to them to have Tubby, with Padre Baggallay and John Graham, present—on their way home. The meeting was held at Government House, by invitation of H.E. the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Charles Harington. About 150 were present.

"Light" was conducted by Tubby at 6.45 p.m.

General Sir Charles Harington, a Foundation Member of Talbot House and a very active member of Toc H since then in England, India and Gibraltar, and Admiral Sir W. W. Fisher, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet and a member of Toc H at Malta, were introduced to the meeting by Padre Hogg, of Gibraltar Group. The former spoke of the progress of Gibraltar Group since the Fleet's visit a year ago, and of Toc H in general since he knew the Old House. He wished to see the Army, in which our movement had first started, more strongly represented in it nowadays. Sir William Fisher spoke on Toc H as he saw it in the Royal Navy, of his sympathy with its growth in the Service and of his limited power to help actively. The meeting gave three hearty cheers for the Governor and the Commander-in-Chief as they left the meeting.

Five new Naval members were then initiated by Tubby (Captain Fitzherbert, Lieutenant Hamilton, Boy Reeves, P.O. Cook Vatcher and Stoker Rice). Captain Fitzherbert was persuaded to say a few words, and suggested recruiting in their ships as a job of work for Naval members. Then, after Padre Paton (Mediterranean Fleet) had conducted a couple of community songs, Captain Rodney Scott, R.N. (H.M.S. *Barham*, Hon. Commissioner for Toc H in the Navy), spoke on Toc H in the senior Service. He stressed the need for Toc H

units to show visiting Navy members any jobs they were doing and to give them jobs to do. He also emphasised the need for Naval members to keep themselves up to scratch in the Toc H way of living, so that new members would naturally seek them out; a member's job, he said, started with himself. Moreover, "the guest of to-day is the host of to-morrow," and recruits must be trained accordingly.

After this excellent talk the meeting broke up for "mungy," and when all the food was cleared the Mediterranean Fleet Secretary gave a short report of Toc H activities in the Fleet. The Home Fleet Secretary, who has only recently taken over, added a few words. John Graham and Padre Baggallay then had an excellent innings each. John illustrated his talk with sketches from his voyage in the *Ormonde* from Toulon. He spoke also of Tubby's decoration, the Companion of Honour, an order limited to fifty members at one time, and challenged Toc H to keep the motto of the Order, "In action faithful and in honour clear." Baggallay also gave some very straight advice. Home-going prayers were taken by Padre Paton.

On the next night, March 19, Gibraltar Group ran a very good concert, also staged at Government House. "Tim" Harington welcomed the company, before proceeding to another function elsewhere, and provided the refreshments. Tubby spoke for a few minutes and gave everyone something to live up to. John Graham ran a competition, proposed by Tubby, in which the entrants had to write an answer to the question, "What is Toc H?" On March 20 there was a whist drive at Gibraltar Group headquarters, while Tubby entertained a number of the ship's company of H.M.S. *Acasta* (the destroyer on which he voyaged from Gibraltar to Malta in December, 1933) at the talkies. On the following day, March 21, the Home Fleet left Gibraltar for England, and took Tubby, John Graham and Padre Baggallay home too.

From the China Fleet

Extract from a letter from Monty Foster, China Fleet Secretary, to the Hon. Commissioner for the Services at H.Q., dated February 25:—"Professor Coué's slogan—'every day better and better'—can aptly be applied to Toc H in the China Fleet at present. As you will see by the enclosed couple of lists we have quite a good bunch of blokes. All are regular attendants to Group meetings, when they are in port, as the attendance register will show. I can see that I am going to find it rather a hard job to give you a wholly unbiassed account of our doings since I took over the reins of office from 'Q' in November last.

"For a goodish part of the year the Fleet is based on an island in the north just off Wei hai Wei. The name of this island, which doesn't matter, is Lui Kung Tao. There is not much room for anything on this piece of land, but generations of the 'Bulldog breed' have managed to equip it quite well with Football, Cricket, and other sports grounds. From this I hope you will see that there is not much room for Toc H on the 'Job.' But there is a wonderful opportunity for the training of blokes in the other paths of the Movement. Evening meetings, Singsongs, Hikes, Picnics and such-like are admirably suited to the fostering of a strong feeling of Fellowship within our small family. It is when we get to Hong Kong that our real contact with the material side of Toc H comes. The strength of the Group is greatly increased by our arrival at the end

of the year, and it is at that time that they are more in need of numbers. Jobbie assures me that he could not wish for a more willing bunch than the Naval blokes. I don't wonder at it, for we have only the home mail, sports, and Toc H to occupy our leisure hours, for we are far from home and family ties. Our blokes are very well suited for a job which always crops up during the winter months here. There are a number of Chinese who, because they cannot afford a roof, sleep on the pavements at night. For the most part these people have only sacks, rags, or newspaper for covering. The Casual Ward system, with which we are all so familiar at home, is an unknown thing here. However, a number of local people got together and rigged a lot of three-tiered bunks in a disused church and opened it as a shelter for these Street Sleepers. I would like to point out the fact that these (there are two now) shelters are not run by Toc H, but we supply a large percentage of the man power required to run them. A medical inspection on entering, registration, bathroom supervising, cloakroom attending, administering First Aid (an interesting job this, for we get cases ranging from scabies to Beri-Beri, and worse) and showing them their bunks. All these jobs fall to the lot of a Helper at the Street Sleepers Shelters. Who better suited to the work than our national handyman? Believe me, Jobbie does not allow us to remain idle long. Other things are found for us to do while in the colony."

From South America

A meeting of the Buenos Aires Branch on April 11, which was attended by many members of the Argentine Council and observers from other units, discussed a scheme, prepared by Padre Noel Marshall, for the creation of a Headquarters staff for Toc H Argentine. Valuable papers received from H.Q. at home after the main provisions were already formulated, showed that the Argentine plan was on sound lines. The number of local members available for such staff service is limited, and the proposal in-

cluded the re-organisation of the present Buenos Aires Branch. After a most helpful discussion, it was decided, by unanimous vote, to give the plan a trial, and in order to leave the field clear for this rebuilding the B.A. Branch decided to return its Lamp until a new Branch could be constituted. This unselfish action received the warmest recognition from members of Shackleton Branch and Southern Suburbs and Quilmes Groups who were present. All of us will wish Toc H Argentina 'Brave building!'

From the Home Areas

From the London Areas

THERE is a story (alleged to have appeared in *Punch*) of an athletic young man who burst into the rooms of a friend and found him working on a picture. "Always daubing paint," said the muscular one. "Don't know how you find time to do it, I'm sure. Takes me all my time to keep fit." "Oh, yeah?" said the artist (or as near to that terse expression as Mr. Punch would permit!). "Fit for what?"

Judging by the variety of experiments in training cropping up in the various parts of London, Londoners should be "fit for anything."

In North London a number of men are training their voices. They formed themselves into a male voice choir, and their first appearance was at the North London Birthday Festival in December, where they led the singing. They are now practising and preparing for other musical (as distinct from music 'all) jobs—not the least of which will be to pass on the joy of tuneful singing to the units in London.

(Incidentally, can any aged reader of the JOURNAL tell us what people used to do before the days of "Community Singing"? So often we seem to sing merely to fill a gap in the programme). Northern Heights District are training their unit leaders, and have arranged a course of four Sundays. The Chase District start at the other end and are running District Training Nights for probationers, while the Brent District are trying to sort out their ideas with a series of talks on "Psychology and Life." (Details of all the above may be obtained from the London Office). The Area continues to use Pierhead House, Wapping, for centralised training courses.

"Training for Service," too, is still in progress, the aim being—both in North and East London—to give to Jobmasters a wide picture of the activities of their community and to let him learn from the experts the scope of their work and the types of men needed for it.

In co-operation with the London Diocesan Council for Youth and the N.A.B.C., a weekend has been planned for the training of Boys' Club leaders.

One area reports that increased team work both in the Area Executive and within District Teams has resulted in a wider sharing of the responsibilities of leadership. New minds have been brought to bear on many old problems, and everywhere there are signs of real movement and activity. A special effort has been made in the direction of programme planning, and the three members of the Area Executive who offered to help and advise units are being kept pretty busy.

In one part of London the District Team ran a Guest-night, the guests at which were all the unit Executives.

All four London Areas celebrated the Birthday of Toc H in December. It would be heresy to say that one Festival is very like another (in fact, it would be untrue too in the case of London), but as far as "JOURNAL News" goes they do seem rather much of a much-ness, so we will simply say they were all "good shows" and take the rest as read!

The Drama League Festival at the Cripple-gate Theatre, though, *is* news. A commentary on this appeared in the March JOURNAL. The success of the scheme can, in part, be measured by the fact that a number of the actors have been "promoted," and will appear in the big central London shows.

A good effort in Southern London was an Area Family Night, the object of which was to forge some links between the inner ring of London and the green belt beyond. The Bromley District Team as hosts arranged for each of their 11 units to write letters of invitation to three or four secretaries in other districts arranging to meet their guests, lead them to the hall and give them grub and generally make their acquaintance. After a concert party had broken the ice, Wm. A. Hurst spoke for a while on behalf of the Central Finance Committee of the financial affairs of Toc H. After Light, and disgrace-

fully late in the evening, the Area welcomed Barkis as the speaker of the evening, and the family who dispersed later to their homes scattered over 200 square miles are likely to remember for some time his affectionate descriptions of early days in Toc H, of Peter Monie, and of (of *all* things) Headquarters.

All London is in training too for the Soccer five-a-sides to be held at New Barnet on April 6th, the Rugger Seven-a-sides on April 13th, and the Athletic Sports on May 25th (also at New Barnet this year). North Lon-

don regretfully says "Thank you" and "good-bye" to its Area Padre, Rev. F. N. Robathan, who is, unfortunately, resigning through ill-health.

The Marks too bid farewell to "Charlie" (Rev. E. R. Charlewood), who, after a year's pioneer work as one of the London Mark Padres, leaves to take up an appointment as Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

Southern London, who have for some time been without an Area Padre, rejoice to have Gilbert Williams with them.

From the West Yorkshire Area

Nothing of a spectacular nature has occurred in West Yorkshire since the Yorkshire Festival on December 1st/2nd, 1934, at York. That event is now too remote to be included as current news, but its influence is still being felt, and no record of events in Yorkshire would be complete if it did not include some reference to it. The Archbishop of York's talk, followed by the film of Toc H activities in Yorkshire, and the Harrogate Branch's presentation of "The Lepers," made a varied programme on the Saturday night. The Family Gathering on the Sunday morning listened with rapt attention to talks from Padre Baggallay and Jim Burford. A wonderfully inspiring week-end culminated in a Service of Praise in York Minster on Sunday afternoon. Few will forget the Ceremony of Light in the gloom of that December day, with the faint afternoon light filtering through the East window.

Since then routine activities have resumed their normal course. The Toc H film has been let out to several Units, and although not by any means a complete record, forms a valuable method of illustrating jobs done by

Toc H in various parts of the country. As a result, more than one Unit has been prompted to start on a new line of service.

From January 3rd to 5th a party of public schoolboys learned something of industrial life in Leeds by visits to factories, housing estates and clearance areas, and thanks are particularly due to the Leeds Housing Director for the trouble he took in explaining the city's ambitious housing scheme, and the arrangements made for our visits to the clearance areas and the new housing estates.

Toc H itself keeps steadily on. We note with regret the decease of the Groups at Airedale and Conisborough, but are glad to hear of fresh ventures at South Elmsall, Wombwell, Walkley (Sheffield) and Thirsk.

Co-operation with L.W.H. is becoming something more than a pious hope. Liaison officers from both movements have been appointed in most districts, and training days sponsored by the J.A.C. are being held at intervals. These "get-togethers" serve a real purpose, and enable members to learn something of each others problems, activities, and plans for the future.

From the Manchester Area

"Spring-time and North-Western Area News Time" comes the request from the JOURNAL Office. If you refer to the last combination of those two events (May, 1934) you will find there evidence of the budding life that the word 'Spring' connotes. Plans were afoot for the division of the Area.

Part of this plan has matured and the division is an accomplished fact. We are now two; the Manchester and the North-Western Areas. There were some things that we feel we have lost in the process—that is natural, but we look, not so much at the past as to the future.

We welcome an addition to the Staff in the person of Padre Peter Simons. He is one who imbibed Toc H on Tower Hill years ago, and went off to practice it in the Australian Bush. He now lives at Mark IV. It is good to record as a fact what has long been wanted—a Padre resident in Mark IV.

In October the old North-Western Area met—not we hope for the last time—at a very joyful Rally. We need only recall it thus since it received its due and proper notice in the November JOURNAL.

In a busy business world—too busy is the feeling of many people—the appeal of Toc H must be made at times different from the normal. To meet a need to create for themselves a corporate life and to determine their particular contribution to Toc H, the General Members of Manchester meet monthly for lunch (an affair of coffee and buns: simple but satisfying). This experiment has already proved itself well worth while; to it come, for training and membership, business men who will be a great strength to the general life of the Family.

The question of training has loomed large in our minds of late and it has been our happiness to have Bobs Ford with us for three months hard work. His special purpose was to teach us the needs of training, to show us a good deal of the methods of training our minds and to give us a new vision of thoughtful life in Toc H. He has done this partly through District teams, and partly through small teams of ordinary members—and non-members.

His visit has meant much to all of us and we are very grateful.

G. W. S. H.

* * *

There are a number of us in this Area and in other parts of this Country who have been in Toc H eleven, twelve or thirteen years—I am one such, and almost my first recollection of Toc H takes me back to a day when I met Arthur Lodge. I think I can safely say that there are few other people to whom I owe so much for knowledge and guidance in Toc H; and when I came five years ago to this part of England I came entirely raw to conditions and men in the

North, and found to my joy that Arthur Lodge was here.

Those of us who have been privileged to work closely with him have realised his extraordinary power of concentration and ability to clarify issues. I know I am not alone when I say that most of the administration and planning ahead in this Area has been due to him; and now after eight years in Lancashire he is to leave us. Some there are, I am sure, who haven't known him over well, but I find as I travel round that wherever there may be knotty problems and points of conduct in Toc H his advice is always being sought.

We at the heart of this Area have seen more of his powers. The Hospital Library Service, the Blood Transfusion Service, the Hulme Men's Club, all owe their inception in this City to his thought and care. Perhaps the very best use that Units further afield have been able to make of Arthur has been when he has been invited to little Executive teams of Branch or Group. I can think of many men who have sat with him discussing the detailed work of Unit life who have so often said that their eyes have been opened and new ways and plans set up in their minds, and it is amongst such little teams that Arthur will be remembered as a Guide, Counsellor and Friend.

It isn't going to be easy to fill Arthur's place, so much has depended upon him in the past. He has been the only 'knowledgeable' man for all the Area: and in this also there is his wisdom to be seen, for as he goes everything stands in good order—everything can be handed over, and whoever comes to take his place will find, not that the work has been dependent entirely upon one man, but that there are threads tidily sorted out, notes made, books ready and some comprehensive plan for all the work lying to his hand.

So it is farewell, Arthur, and I know I speak for all the Area when I say that we wish you all the best of luck. You will leave behind many of us who will always value your friendship.

MICHAEL COLEMAN.